

AMERICAN LANCASTER GAZETTE.

"WHEN THE PRESS COMPROMISES TRUTH, IT CEASES TO BE THE GUARDIAN OF LIBERTY."

NEW SERIES—VOL. 7, NO. 26.

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The Lancaster Gazette.

CLARKE & SUTPHEN,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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the number of lines marked, will be continued
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&c., to be paid for in advance.

CITY OF LANCASTER.

Thursday, October 27, 1859.

Up the Hill a Merrying.

On a sunny summer morning,
Early as the dew was dry,
Up the hill went a merrying,
Need I tell you—tell you why?
Pamper dappled a daughter,
And a happy mother too,
On each sunny summer morning, Jenny,
Up the hill went berrying too.
Lively work is picking berries,
So I joined her on the hill;
"Jenny dear," said I, "your basket's
Quite too large for one to fill,"
"So we said—two to—two to fill,"
Jenny talking—I was still—
Leading where the hill was steep,
Picking berries up the hill.
"This is my little basket," said Jenny
"Oh, it is life," said I, "and
Climb, climb, climb, oh, Jenny,
Will you come and climb with me?
Radder than the blushing berries,
Jenny's cheeks a moment glow,
While, without delay, she answered,
"I will come and climb with you."

The London Times gives the following
report of fogging in the British army
for desertion:

"The first man, named Green, bore his
punishment like a true soldier," but the
second, named Davis, a young recruit,
protested his innocence of the crime of
desertion, and screamed for mercy,
and supplicated Col. Talbot and the
medical officers, and others who were
present, to have compassion on him, or he
should die. His back was covered with
a mass of large red, inflamed boils, which
bled profusely at every stroke, and reddened
the ground under his feet, upon which the
coat was ordered to be withheld, for a
few moments, when finding that his
punishment was not at all, he gave vent
to exclamations for mercy, and partially
succeeded in delivering himself by force
from the straps which bound him to the
halibards. The punishment was again or-
dered to be continued, when at every suc-
ceeding stroke his cries and exclamations
were most lamentable, and much to the
astonishment and amusement of the offi-
cers and men, and he was carried into the
open air. One officer and upwards of
twenty non-commissioned officers and men
long in the service, fainted, and others
stopped their ears and closed their eyes,
lest they should become unnerved, and be
subject to the reproach and ridicule of
their comrades."

DEATH OF A GOOD INDIAN.—"Conde-
con," oldest Chief of the Ontonagon tribe,
is dead. The Ontonagon Miner says he
was nearly 100 years old, being quite a
lad and remembering well, the first mining
enterprise undertaken in this country, for
the sake of the Ontonagon, and in the vi-
cinity of the famous "copper rock." This
mining was done under the superintendence
of Alexander Henry, in 1771, at which
time the subject of our sketch was about
ten years old.

In the early part of the present century,
he had a terrible encounter with a black
bear, near the American landing, some
twelve miles above this village, the marks
of which are carried to his grave. When
found on the bank of the River he was al-
most dead, the flesh being torn from his
back and sides as to expose the ribs and
bones in several different places, and life
was despaired for several days, but his
iron constitution finally overcame his
wounds, which any ordinary man must
have sunk under, and he recovered. His
antagonist, a full grown bear, was found
dead but a few rods from where the old
chief was picked up, his body being pierced
in a number of places, and finally through
the heart, by his mortal combatant—Cle-
land Plaisander.

An Editor is an individual who
reads newspapers, writes articles on all
subjects, sets type, reads proof, works at
press, folds and packs papers—print jobs,
runs on errands, saves wood, works in the
garden, talks to all who call, receives blame
for many things he never does, works from
4 a. m. to 10 p. m., and never collects
half his debts. Who does not wish him-
self an Editor?

We have seen persons not only too
weak to bear food, but even too weak to
bear contradiction.

The Bible.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

We make the following extract from a
recent sermon by the Rev. Henry Ward
Beecher, as reported in the Independent.
A man had written Mr. Beecher a letter,
expressing his want of faith in the Bible,
and asking whether he (Beecher) believed
that a virgin could become a mother.

Now the Bible is not a book which a
man is to reverence as if it were a god; as
if it were anything but the voice of one
crying in the wilderness, to lead men to
Christ; as if it were anything but a high-
way cut up, along which men are to walk
toward the celestial city; as if it were any-
thing but a book to tell us how to act, and
what to be.

The Bible is your guide book.
Take it; read it; go where it directs you to
go; see for yourself what it describes.
When the Bible tells you what a man is,
what he should be, and what he needs in
order to be changed, go to the substance
spoken of. The truth of the Word of God
is to be found outside of the Bible, not in-
side of it. If it declares that all men are
sinners, then look up and out! There are
the men before you. Look at them! Is it
true that they are selfish proud and worldly?

If it declares that there is such a
thing as the grace of God, you are to vin-
dicate that statement by putting yourself
in the position in which that grace can
take effect, and see if it be real. You must
open your heart to the touch of Divine
power, if you would know whether there is
a power shed abroad on the human soul.

Bible truth is in your own heart and in
the dead letter. The proof of the declara-
tions of the Bible are to be found by
actual experiences of daily life. It is by
your life and disposition that you are to
find out whether the Bible is true or not,
in so far as it speaks of man. And when a
man says, "I believe in religion when I see
it exemplified in true Christians; but when
I see religion as it is in the Bible, I do not
believe in it," he states what is true of
every other man as well as himself.

Neither do I believe in religion as it is in
the letter; nor do you; nor does anybody.
A man might as well say, "When I hear
birds singing, I think their music is ex-
quisite; but when I go and look at the eggs
in their nests, I do not hear anything de-
lightful in the music there." No of course not especially if
the eggs have been hatched, and the birds
have flown away, and nothing is left but
the shells.

It is written, "Come and see the place
where the Lord lay," and many men come
here [to the Bible] to see where Christ
lay; but they will not look up to see the
living Christ right before them. There is
no longer any dead Christ. He is the living
Christ to you or he is nothing.

If you would know whether the Bible
be true in its practical teachings, you must
do by it, as you would by a chart. A
chart is nothing but a piece of paper, any-
how; and what good does it do for half-a-
dozen captains to sit down on the shore
and discuss its merits? How can they
know whether its descriptions are correct
or not? Let them take it on board, and
prove it by sailing by it. That is a true
chart which is found on trial. If there is
no rock, where it says "rock," if it says
"abundant" where there is no "abundant,"
if it says "current" where there is no "current,"
if it is not true where it says "safe," then
it is no true chart; no matter who made it,
or how or when it was made. It is the
sea that is the best commentator on a chart
and human life is the test of the Bible.

Take God's Word in which human life
is all clustered down, and measure character
and conduct, and all the changes possible
in the human soul, by it; measure God's
grace promised and realized by its measure
your whole earthly being by it, and see if
it is not true? Would you know the truth
of Christianity? Become a Christian!

"If any man will do my will," says Christ,
"he shall know of the doctrine which I
teach."

I do not, however, shrink from the mi-
nutest investigation of the sacred writ; and
if a man asks me, "Do you suppose the
sun and moon ever stood still?" I reply,
that I suppose there was a phenomenon
which is appropriately described in those
words. I believe unquestionably that there
was at the time referred to, an appear-
ance like that of the sun and moon,
standing still. What was the cause of
that appearance? I neither know nor care
to know. Whether the earth stood still,
or whether the planetary bodies stood still,
or whether some other optical effect was
produced is a matter of no moment. It is
enough that there was an effect produced
which answered to these representations,
and which served the purposes of God with
the children of Israel. Nature is always
described from its appearance. Not from
the scientific point, but from the pictorial
standpoint, is everything described.

If a man asks, "Do you suppose that a
virgin can become a mother?" my reply
is: The New Testament tells us that the
Savior was conceived of the Holy Ghost
and born of a woman. The event was so
far removed from the ordinary processes
of nature, that I have no difficulty in be-
lieving that it occurred as it is described,
by the power of God. Shall I believe that
He who originated from the beginning of
the world, that we should spring into life
from the life and body of another, could
not control that wonderful arrangement,
so that his Son should be born of a woman?

The marvel to me is, that men are
ever born of men and women; that they
are not in the Bible, here and there,

God ordained such a gate from the other

life into this.

I can never enough wonder at that pro-
found and sacred mystery where two lives,
quicken into union by the rapture of un-
speakable love, flash forth the spark of an
other being. It seems to me, in view of
the perpetuated marvel of the beginnings
of human life, a very little thing to suppose
that God could make a special use of these
powers. And when the myriad worlds
that, since the dawn of time, have issued
the human race have received the power to
do it from the living remembrance and
inspiration of God's mind, shall I stagger
to believe that in a single instance he could
control that organization to his own divine
and beneficent purposes? May not He
who created the very door of human life
vouch safe the ordinary janitor, and, with
his own hands, unlatch its portals, and let
his Son come through? May not the ever-
lasting Father cry out from his throne,
"Lift up your heads, ye gates, and let the
King of Glory through?" There is no
trouble here to any man, unless he wants
trouble, and then there is nothing in the
earth out of which he cannot make it.

When a man believes that God has made
the world, the human body, and every-
thing else in nature, for one, do not un-
derstand how he can have any difficulty
in believing in miracles. I see no difficul-
ty at all in believing that God can, if he
chooses, stretch forth his hand, and use a
law, or stop it, and interject some effect.

But I will not follow and answer these
inquiries, that fasten on the merest inci-
dents, and do not take notice of the
grand characteristic moral elements of
God's Word. Does the Bible tell you the
truth about your nature and your condi-
tion? Does it tell you how to make your
self better? Does it afford you the means
of gaining a view as God that the soul
needs, and that the soul will feel, and that
shall pervade it and transform it? Does it
point to you the noblest way of earthly life
and develop in you by divine power the
noblest attributes of the soul—Love? Is it
a book which reveals the grandeur of im-
mortality? And is the future which it sets
forth, bright in color, though in form in-
distinct, worthy of your faith and follow-
ing?

Above all, does it lift upon the
crude imaginations of men in every age—
upon the imperfect pictures which men
have made of the Godhead—the clear and
sublime light of certainty? Does it cleanse
away from our conception of God all that
came from human passions, and
from the grosser developments of human
nature? Does it collect from our higher
experiences and nobler feelings, those ele-
ments which do represent God; and mag-
nifying them, raising upon them the pro-
portions of infinity, and lifting them up
above all obstruction, impurity, and un-
worthiness, does it hold forth to the en-
raptured sight a God at once in sympathy
with human nature, yet greater than it;
comprehensible in kind and nature, though
by virtue of infinity, utterly unsearchable
in degree and magnitude? Does it pre-
sent a God standing upon Truth, and up-
on Justice, but blessing upward into Love,
which, like an atmosphere fills the infinite
round of eternity; glorious in holiness;
fearful in stately, but sublime above all
other things, for Love?

Is it a book which evoking from the far
and impassable heavens the ideal concep-
tion of God, causes him to walk in human
form, interpreted thus into human condi-
tion; and in the life, the teachings, the
unexplainable sufferings, the sublime death,
the agonizing hiding, the resurrection, the
ascension, the glorification of Jesus Christ,
presents a Savior suited to a man's wants,
weaknesses, and sins; taking hold of us by
that which is tender and generous, touching
whatever in us there is of honor, of grati-
tude, of pity, of love; transforming us both
by the power of our own understandings,
lifted up upon the mightiest truths, and
by the co-operative greater power of the
Holy Ghost, shed abroad upon the heart?

Does it present such a Savior as every
man feels that he needs, so soon as his
moral life is thoroughly awakened; so soon
as he begins to measure himself by a law
higher than any which the world gives? Is
it a book from which man without num-
ber, have drawn motives of sublime life?

Is there any other heroism recorded on
earth so sublime as that which has sprung
from faith in Christ? Without a revelation,
now and then, rare and great souls
there have been, capable of endurance, of
self-denial, and the loftiest heroism. It is
the New Testament that has taught the
poor, the ignorant, the common people, to
live heroic lives. And since men began
to believe in it, and to form their lives
from its inspiration, heroism has become
cheap. Yes, it is often found in the cot-
tage now, than on the battle field. And
when the last great day shall reveal the
unknown things of time, the heroes of the
cradle side; the heroes of the sick cham-
ber; the heroes of poverty; the heroes of
the dungeon; the heroes of labor; the de-
spised heroes, that grow, thick as grass,
in the low places of the earth, and, like
the grass, are trodden down; often, under
the hope of men; these—that great my-
riad of the last, that are destined to be first—
this illustrious host, that shall flame up-
ward from the bottom to the very top and
summit of glory—shall tell of the divinity
of the New Testament. What it does, de-
clares what it is. Its power upon man
measures the power of God in that which
can bring men to God, must itself have
come from God.

This then is what I ask: not whether
there are not in the Bible, here and there,

incidental things that admit of doubt; not

whether there are not to be found in it
some flaws or imperfections—I ask, What
are the great central and moral purposes
of the Word of God? Do these commend
themselves to honest judgment, and fair
investigation? I think it is unworthy of
any man to be nibbling about the outskirts
of a book whose great palpating power
is for virtue, and salvation, and for ever-
lasting glory. What impertinence to neg-
lect these great things, and yet institute
elaborate investigations about these
external little things! Would you deny
the glory of Phidias or the Parthenon,
because Time had made rents or moss had
rested upon its roof? There is an anec-
dote recorded of a great Italian painter,
which will serve to illustrate what I am
saying. He had been engaged in decorat-
ing a church with fresco paintings. He
had filled the ceiling with sublime con-
ceptions; and, among the rest, there sat
a prophet, simple, vast, sublime, as if all
the coming future were brooding on his
soul. The painter had been so wrapped
up in the conception of the whole charac-
ter and feeling of the prophet, that he for-
got all else. Asking a friend to witness
and criticize his work, he said, "How does
the picture strike you?" "I think," replied
the man, "that the toe on that left foot is a
little out of drawing. Nothing of all the
moral quality of the picture, nothing of all
the grandeur and sublimity of the figure,
caught his eye, or made any impression
upon his feelings; but a slight mistake, a
little crook in one of the toes, arrested his
attention!"

And so God opens in the pages of his
Word, the history of the Divine adminis-
tration. Sweeping back through thousands
of years, he recounts here the experiments
of human nature, and human weakness, and
human suffering, and partial human re-
cuperation. He unfolds the counsels of his
will, and displays the majesty of re-
cuperative love, and sends forth his own
Son, Jesus Christ, and says, "Hear ye him."
Christ comes and walks, and teaches as
never man taught. He fills the whole
world for the space of centuries, with the
sublimity of his presence and the majesty
of his love. A miracle—if I may so call it—
a moral change follows the preaching
of the Gospel everywhere. Men are re-
vitalized; institutions are broken up;
renewed, and re-established on better
foundations. The whole world is
changed; and this power comes, growing
brighter, down to our day. By it men
are changed from wickedness to virtue—
from a state of holiness to a holier state.
The drunkard, the thief, and the poor
profligate, one by one, touched by this
sacred fire, are lifted into higher
spheres of life. Men that were groveling
and selfish, and proud, are now found to
be renewed, and sit at the feet of Jesus,
clothed in their right mind.

And now in the midst of this infinite
display—the growing display—the grow-
ing future, a joyous immortality, and
the call of sweet celestial spirits that bid
us to come up the gates of heaven—in the
midst of these mighty sublimities a man
comes and asks, "Do you think the mother
of Christ was a virgin?" Why, a child
ought to have thought better. Where is
the spiritual nature of a man that is untouched
when God's hand runs across the chords
of deepest feeling? When the bright
glories of the beautiful state; when all the
glories which poets have dreamed of—
when these things are brought before the
soul of a man and God says, "This is yours;
the promise is to you and your children,
and to them that are afar off," the man
does not feel the glory of this disclosure;
he only feels that there is a blunder in the
arithmetic somewhere; he only feels that
the string with which the medicine is
tied up is not a good string! I feel as-
hamed of my kind, when I find men so
quick to notice what seem to be slight
discrepancies, so sensitive to little things,
and yet so neglectful and so torpid in re-
gard to those great things that ought to
move men even in their graves! Yes, that
did move them, to come forth while Christ
suffered!

A Yankee captain was caught in the
jaws of a whale, and was finally rescued,
badly wounded. On being asked what he
thought while in that situation, he replied,
"I thought he would make about forty
barrels."

A young florist being asked by his
"Mary Ann" what flower he was most
partial to, pressed her to his vest and ex-
claimed, "Give me the Polly Ann thistle!"
(the polyanthus.) She was soon trans-
planted to his field—flower patch—ah?

Sarah said a young man the
other day, to a lady of that name,
"why don't you wear earrings?" "Be-
cause I haven't had my ears pierced." "I
will bore them for you, then." "Thank
you, sir, you have done that enough!"

The busybody labors without thanks,
talks without credit, lives without love,
dies without pity—save that some say, "It
was a pity he died so meagre!"

A fellow in Texas has just invented
a strengthening plaster, which will enable
you to "take up" any thing from a four
month's note to a hoghead of sugar.

Poets seldom make good astron-
omers. They so love women, they cannot
see the other heavenly bodies.

From the N. Y. Saturday Press.

Summer is Dead.

Heath! tell it not to the flowers and trees;
Whisper it not to the birds and bees;
Let not the blossoms of crimson and blue,
Hear the sad tale, though its burden be true:
Summer is dead!

Flash! for the sea has suspended its breath,
Fencing to catch the first summons of death;
And the bright clouds that are passing away,
Fain must drop tears could they hear what you say.
Summer is dead!

Aye! though her mantle of glory is still
Spread over gardens, and meadows, and hills,
Through the rich bloom bath no touch of decay,
And the bee still through the long summer day,
Summer is dead!

Aye! it is dead! From forest and glen,
From cities alive, with the conflict of men,
From the great glory of the new steam boat,
From earth, sea, and sky, its spirit is heard—
Summer is dead!

So much of her glory and gladness is left,
We grieve not to those of her passing we merit,
Her crown and her garlands undimmed are hung,
Wherever she drooped when she was we care-
lessly sang: Summer is dead!

Fall! How eloquent the world! The
flowers fall in the garden, the fruits fall in
the orchards, the nuts fall in the woods,
the stars fall in the sky, the rain falls
from the clouds, the Mercury falls in the
tubes, the leaves fall everywhere, and Fall
it is.

The wind is singing round the corners
morning over the thresholds, singing in
at the windows, roaring over the chimney
tops, and harping through the forests.
The gray clouds drop angry and sul-
len against the window panes; the cattle stand
in the fields, with the wind astern; the
sheep gathered under the lee of the barn.
The "backed up" house, yesterday;
put the cabbage in the cellar, the day be-
fore; will cover the potatoes to-morrow.
John and George call for their mittens—
the blue and white mittens—the mem-
orial mittens tethered with a string.

The blackbirds, a babble rout, hold
high council of flight, on a dry elm in the
meadow; there is a twitter, and a flutter,
and a great exclamation. Up go the
swallows in a cloud; away ride the spar-
rows on the billowy air. The robin and
his wife hear the sound of the wings—in
the thicket and go too. The owl looks out
from his hollow tree and gathers still closer
his russet muffler about his ears.

The rigid and wintry fields look like cor-
duro; their rustling and glories have de-
parted. The corn stands shivering in long
lines, wrapped in rusty overalls, like a
regiment of

"Old Continentals,"
in their ragged regimentals;
the pumpkins lie in great heaps here and
there like cannon shot.

Little "barries" of snow whirl doun-
flying through the cloudy air, and sit over
the dark, old fallow. The sun goes down
with a bounce; it is dark before night.

The asparagus is bundled out of the
fire-place, the old andirons are wheeled in-
to line, the hearth is a blaze, the windows
are curtained, the old circle is narrowed
around the old-fashioned fire.

Just the season for Saturday night!—
What blessed things they are, and what
would the world do without them? Those
breathing moments in the tramping march
of life; those little twilights in the broad
and garish glare of noon, when pale yes-
terdays look beautiful through the shadow-
lands, and faces "changed" long ago, smile
sweetly again in the hush; when one re-
members "the old folks at home," and the
old fashioned fire, and the old arm chair,
and the little brother that died, and the
little sister that was "translated."

Saturday night makes people human;
set their hearts to beating softly, as they
used to do, before the world turned them
war-drum, and jarred them into latitudes.

Happy is the man who has a little home
and a little angel in it, on a Saturday night.
Such a night as last night was: cloudy,
gloomy, gusty, rainy. Casements rattling,
storm driving, lake roaring along the
shore.

So much for the out-door scenery.—
Now for the indoor; a marble box of a
house, no matter how little, provided it
will hold two or so; no matter how hum-
bly furnished, provided there is hope in it.
Let the winds blow—close the curtains!
What if they are calico, or plain white,
without border, or tassel, or any such
thing? Let the rains come down; heap
up the fire, but must be an open fire;
none of your dark, prison looking stoves.
No matter if you haven't a candle to bless
yourself with, for what a beautiful light
glowing coals make, reddening, clouding,
shedding a sunset through the little room;
just enough to talk by, not loud as in the
highways—not rapid, as in the hurrying
world; but softly, slowly, whisperingly,
with pauses between, for the storm with-
out, and the thoughts within, to fill up.

Then wheel the sofa round, before the
fire. No matter if the sofa's a settee, un-
cushioned at that, if so be it is just long
enough for two, and a half in it. How
sweetly the music of silver bells from the
time to come, falls on the listening heart
then. How merrily all the chimings
of the days that are no more.

Under such circumstances, and at such
a time, one can get at least sixty-nine and
a half statue miles nearer "kingdom come,"
than from any other point in this world
laid down in "Malte Brun."

Maye you smile at this picture. Well,

smile on, there is a secret between us, viz:

it is a copy of a picture, rudely done, but
as true as the Pentateuch; of an original in
every really human heart. And you're
old, or so wicked, that the cabinet picture
is dimmed or damaged beyond restora-
tion? Then be advised; make a Saturday
night of life, and bid "good night" to the
world.

Maybe you think this a ridiculous pic-
ture: then Heaven mend and Allison culti-
vate your taste.

Maybe you are a bachelor, frosty and
forty. Then, poor fellow! Saturday
night's nothing to you, just as you are
nothing to any body.

Get a wife, blue-eyed or black-eyed, but
above all true-eyed, get a little home, no
matter how little, and a little sofa, just to
hold two, or two and a half, and then get
the two or two and a half in it, of a Sat-
urday Night, and then read this paragraph
by the light of your wife's eyes and take
courage.

The dim and dusty shops are swept up;
the hammer is thrown; the apron is doffed,
and Labor hastens with a light step, home-
ward bound.

"Saturday Night," feebly murmurs the
languishing, as she turns wearily upon her
couch, "and is there another to come?"

"Saturday night, at last," whispers the
weeper above the dying, "it's the Sunday
to-morrow and to-morrow."

STRANGE FREAK OF A GIRL.—A late
Paris letter writer relates the following in-
cident.

A young girl of considerable personal
attractions, who, exhausted and breathless
trotters up to her mother's cottage with a
beautiful babe in her arms, and exclaims
"behold mother, I have been guilty, but
yield not my offence upon the head of this
sweet innocent, faints away as she lays
the baby down upon her mother's knee."

The mother, an excellent woman, loves
the baby at once for the daughter's sake,
and although poor to the last degree, ac-
cepts this new charge, without a murmur,
in order to save her child from disgrace
and shame. The beautiful cap-maker
comes to see it and marvels at a mother's
fondness on the child, and this curious
comedy lasts for several months; when
one fine day a gentleman comes to the
cottage to claim the child, which had been
stolen from its parents by the girl, and
searched for in vain through the towns of
Nantes, with offers of large rewards for
the recovery. The girl could give no
other reason for the indulgence of this
singular whim, but "that the desire to
have a little girl, and enjoy the blessings
of maternity, had taken such deep posses-
sion of her soul that she had sought the
first opportunity of its gratification.

The reason astonished the jury on her
trial, but did not satisfy them, so the beau-
tiful cap-maker was condemned to two
years imprisonment.

THE ART OF BEING AGREEABLE.—The
true art of being agreeable, is to appear
well pleased with all the company, and
rather to seem well entertained with them,
than to bring entertainment to them. A
man thus disposed, perhaps, may not have
much learning, nor wit, but if he has
common sense, and something friendly in
his behavior, it conciliates men's minds
more than the brightest parts without this
disposition; and when a man of such a
turn comes to old age, he is almost sure
to be treated with respect. It is true, indeed,
that we should not dissemble when in com-
pany; but a man may be very agreeable,
strictly consistent with truth and sincerity,
by a prudent silence where he cannot
concur, and a pleasing assent where he can.

Now and then you meet with a person so
exactly formed to please, that he will gain
upon every one that hears or beholds him.
This disposition is not merely the gift of
nature, but frequently the effect of much
knowledge of the world, and a command
over the passions.

A "SPADING" MATCH.—At the Plymouth
County Fair, Massachusetts, on Wednes-
day last a "spading" match occurred, which
attracted considerable attention. A ring
was formed, and lots of hand, ten feet
square each, were marked for six stalwart
fishmen, who were the competitors for
the prizes. The time allowed for the work
to be done in twenty minutes, and the
depth to be spaded was nine inches. The
quickest time made was fourteen and a half
minutes. The contest was an animated
one, and the men worked until the prespi-
ration rolled off their faces. The crowd
cheered them on, and laughed at the in-
dign attempts made by some to drive
through the work. One only used the whole
time. The victor is certainly a trump
and worthy the title of "Jack of
Spades."

A SELL.—That was a horrible af-
fair—the murder of Dean, and the sealing
up of his remains in a tin box. What
Dean! asked a half dozen voices at once.
Why Sar Dean, of course, was the pon-
gent reply. No levity.

Never be faint-hearted. Have plenty
of pluck, my son. Supposing the whole
world is against you? Never mind; go in
and fight the entire world. The world is
so formed that you are sure to beat it all
bellow.—Punch.

Said Tom, "Since I have been
abroad, I have eaten so much yeast that I
am ashamed to look a calf in the face!"
"I suppose, sir, then," said a wag who was
present, "you shave without a glass?"

Matrimony Stripped of its Romance.

Of course every one who has crossed the
threshold of a court room, knows that the
agreement to marry is a civil contract, and
when brought into the scales of justice—
which are held by that solemn, rigid